11630.c.14
.15

THE CAUSIDICADE.

A Panegyri-Satiri-Serio-Comic-Dramatical

POEM.

ON THE

STRANGE *Resignation*, and Stranger-*Promotion*.

Difficile est vulpi Sociam decipere vulpem. Tib.

Ridentem dicere verum

Quid vetat? Hor.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1743.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Devouring Bears
Hungry Wolves
Cheating Foxes
Biting Badgers
Sucking Hedgehogs
Thieving Weaſels
Gnawing Rats

Ravenous Vulturs
Voracious Kites
Griping Hawks
Greedy Rooks
Gobling Jack Daws
Chattering Magpyes

} Beaſts, Birds, and Virmin of Prey.

Baſiliſes
Cockatrices
Serpents
Snakes
Adders
Spiders

} Poiſonous Vermin.

Scene a large ſpacious *Salon*, decorated with *Gallic* and *Iſtevic* Spoils.

Fools, Bubbles, and other Waiters and Attendants paſſing and repaſſing.

THE

CAUSIDICADE.

THE *Inquiſiter Gen'ral* reſigning his Place,
As, wiſely, foreſeeing approaching Diſgrace;
Or to croſs his proud Rival, and ſo raiſe his *Brother*,
In Fee with the *S——ls*, —— or for ſome Cauſe or other,
Oblig'd from his Poſt to advance or retreat,
He chus'd e'en the laſt, for merely the State
And Parade of Appearance, in ſpeaking the ſecond;
In his Cap a mere Feather, as ſome People reckon'd.
Thus a Captain of Horſe his Commiſſion gives up
To be only the Dexter-Hand Man of the Troop.

Lo, the Preſident ſate! the Son of Good-Luck,
Whom Fortune wrapt early up cloſe in her Smock.

A Noſegay, compos'd of the Flow'rs of the Fields,
And eke of the Gardens, he daintily weilds:
Whilſt one of his Lilly-white Hands he employs
To play with his Noſtrils this fineſt of Toys,
His Brains to regale, and his Judgment reſtore,
With the other he ſtroaks down his Wig all before:
So handſome he look'd, thus equipt, on the Bench,
You'd have ſwore 'twas Lord *Fanny*, or ſome pretty Wench.
He open'd the Cauſe why they met, with a Voice
So wond'rouſly ſweet and peculiarly choice,
That, charming himſelf, he quite charm'd all the Bar;
The Croud will admire what's above them and ſtare.
The *Congé d'elire* for the Purpoſe he read,
But the D-v-l a Word of mock Prayers was ſaid,
Like a D---n and his Ch--ter in Caſe of a Biſhop,
But each was permitted to ſet his own Wiſh up;
For the Man, he declar'd, whoſe Pretenſions were beſt,
Shou'd enjoy the *Inquiſitor's Office* and Veſt.

And, not to diſcourage th' Unlearn'd or the Dunce,
He ſaid he'd been honour'd himſelf with them once.

In a Croud indiſtinct each Candidate-Brawler,
From the *Zenith* of *B--tle* to the *Nadir* of *W--ll--r*,
Made out his Pretenſions; Quo' the laſt, hear my Claim,
Tho' I know not much Law, yet I know how to game.
In the Year *One-and-twenty* I ſet up a Bubble,
Which tho' it had like to have coſt me ſome Trouble,
Yet howe'er, with good Cunning I clearly got off,
By the Help of the Statute, and now I ſtand buff.
To ſhew you, however, I am not a Novice,
And the Bent of my Genius falls in with this Office,
I battled Sir *H---mphrey*, and got him indicted,
And then to the Fleet as a Pris'ner committed.
' Who's that ? quo' my Lord, I ne'er ſaw him before,'
(He opens a Cauſe now and then and no more,
Ch---s W--ll--r his Name, the Regiſter ſaid,
A Great *Mum-adduent'rer* in Copper and Lead)

' Tho' all you've advanc'd, Sir, perhaps may be true,
' Yet they are not the Qualifications will do;
' It becomes ill a Counſel to make Affidavit;
' With a Gown and Aſſurance to ſtrut thus and brave it,
' Gives you little Pretence to ſucceed in your Din,
' An Aſs is no Lyon for wearing his Skin.
' Beſides you're miſtaken, I doubt, in the Bar,
' Where your Father ſtood Tryal, you're tter by far.'

Pert *L---y* puſh'd on; See, my Lord, here I come,
Above all *Niſi-prius* Men much the beſt Drum;
I can talk, croſs-examine, and bluſter and rattle,
Confound and clear up, and Tittle and Tattle:
A very good Lawyer, as Lawyers now go,
I'm ſure this great Office on me you'll beſtow.
' I'm ſure you're miſtaken, his Lordſhip replied,
' I find you're no Conj'rer, nor *Prophet* beſide.
' Think you ev'ry conceited, pragmatical Fellow
' Is to make his Pretenſions, becauſe he can bellow?

' Whoſe Sire was a Seer, and a Saint full of Grace,
' Might, methinks, have foretold and foreſtall'd this Diſgrace.'

Then *Ch--te* and *L-ke R-b--ſ-n* enter'd the Liſt,
An adventruous Pair, as true as e'er piſt,
Eury'lus and *Niſus* t' each other ne'er were,
Nor *Oreſtes* and *Pylades*, truly ſo dear.
Quo *Ch--te*, tho' I might to this Office pretend,
I'd rather your Lordſhip would give it my Friend.
He and I ſtood for Members, when Caſh we had none,
And both our Eſtates ſcarce ſufficient for one.
The Man has ſome Merit, tho' few can believe it,
Look thro' a Microſcope, then you'll perceive it.
Not ſo, cries the gen'rous *L-ke*, ſtanding out,
Have Regard, I beſeech you, to Merit and *Ch--te*;
Well vers'd in the Law Books, and, tho' he can't cite
A Caſe at a Pinch, he can make one out-right.
I own, it is true, at the very ſame Rate
I ſet up for Member without an Eſtate;

Without

Without Law I might ask, what by Merit is *Frank's*.
Give it him, my good Lord, you will have *R-b--ſ-n's* Thanks.
' It is, quo the Preſident, pity, I ſwear,
' That I cannot oblige now ſo peerleſs a Pair,
' Whoſe gen'rous Contention to favour each other,
' Proves giving to one, wou'd be giving his Brother.
' But to the Regret of you both, and to all
' Who know of your Merit in *W-m---r H-ll*,
' You muſt deprecate firſt the iraſcible Wrath
' Of that ſteady great Patriot, my good Lord of *B---b*.

As next in Pretence, up ſtarts Mr. *N---l*;
Me your Lordſhip, quo he, does certainly know well
If a Gentleman born, and Deſcent of high Blood,
And Knowledge of Law, which I think pretty good;
If oft being mention'd in all the News Papers,
At ev'ry Promotion, as one of the Gapers,
Can intitle a Man to the Place in Diſpute,
I preſume that with Juſtice I can't be left out.

' Your

' Your Gentility, Blood (ſays my Lord) nor your **Skill,**
' Nor for good Preferment the Luſt of your Will,
' I call not in Doubt, but I pray you go home,
' For this Time, at leaſt, your Hour's not come.'

Then *P---f---t* ſtood up with his long rueful Face,
And was like to have cry'd, when he ask'd for the **Place.**
A puritan Saint, in Appearance he ſeem'd,
Whilſt Grace and the Goſpel all over him gleam'd!
It is now, I believe, near a dozen Years ſince
(Quo he) I firſt ſerv'd, as a L-wy-r, the Pr--ce.
In this Quality ſtill I am left and forgot,
To ſtick like a Poſt at a Corner and rot;
Too long have I watch'd at *Bethſda*'s old Pool,
Whilſt others get in, and at once are made whole.
The Cloak and the Band, it is very well known,
I've, like *R--d--r*, declin'd for the Sake of this Gown:

But he's been above me preferr'd long ago,
And e'en my Collegue, Goody *F--t--ſc-e* too,
And five or ſix more, but what moſtly I grudge,
Is that the contemptible *A-y*'s a J---e ;
Beſides the Dunce *P---r*, at laſt made *Ch*____ *B*____*n*,
Your Favorite, my Lord ; indeed a moſt rare one !
A Name once deteſted in the Eye of the Law,
But your Lordſhip is grateful____no more____Hem____Haw.
The Scripture--' The Scripture declares of our Side.'
(His Lordſhip, confoundedly nettled, reply'd)
' That an Aſs ſpoke aloud in articulate Voice :
' Wou'd you preach t'us or pray ? you've made a wrong Choice.
' This unrighteous Profeſſion I'd have you forgoe,
' And preach in the Cloak, Lamentations and Woe ;
' Or th'Obedience of Wives to their Husbands always,
' On Pain of being Horſewhipp'd, and *lick'd without Stays*.

If

If that be the Caſe, cries out *Ow-n*, my Lord,
I humbly beſeech you to ſpare me a Word.
As ſolemn grave Looks, and a queer Kind of Face,
And a cold holy Tone, are unlikely to paſs,
How the Devil can I ever hope to ſucceed?
'You deſcribe yourſelf well, Mr. *Ow-n* indeed:
'But be pleas'd to obſerve (my Lord Preſident ſpoke)
'We count on a Head, not a Face or a Look.
'And as to a Head for the Law, your Pretence
'Indeed is but little, as little's your Senſe;
'You'd better continue at th' Head of your Queer-ones;
'You've enough for an *Elder* among Presbyterians.'

Bold, ſelf-ſufficient, and puff'd to the Height
Of proud Affectation and aukward Conceit,
Up-roſe Mr. *F-rd*, Eighteen 'gainſt a Dozen
I'll wager, quo' he, That I'm the Man choſen:

For as to my Head, all my Brethren well know,
'Tis brim-ful of Law and of Arguments too;
In Witneſs whereof, Lo! the Pleadings I give,
They'll ſtand whilſt old Law and good Argument live;
The like were ne'er heard ſince the Days of old *Holt*.
'Soon ſhot, ſays the Proverb, is *ſomebody*'s Bolt
(Quo' the Preſident gravely, by Way of Reply)
'There's a Dearth of good L-wy-rs no Man can deny,
'When *F--d*'s Affectations are taken for Law,
'E're you boaſt of your Pleadings, pray firſt learn to draw.'

Now that *Drawing* you mention, *with humble Submiſſion*,
Bellows *Hoſ---ns* aloud, 'Tis my piteous Condition;
For many long Years have I drudg'd in that Way,
Where great is the Labour, but little the Pay:
Unthank'd by our Clients, and never encourag'd,
By our Brethren well-laſh'd, and by Courts e'er diſparag'd;

On

On all Sides ill-us'd, never gaining Applauſe,
Altho' we're the Founders of every Cauſe.
To reward then my Toil, and to eaſe my hard Caſe,
It wou'd be moſt kind if you'd give me the Place.
'All this, my Lord anſwer'd, I doubt, is too true,
'But the Place, I'm afraid, is too ard'ous for you.
'A Draughtſman is uſeful I needs muſt allow,
'And perhaps may have rational Faculties too.
'T'would be acting a Farce quite out of the Way,
'T'equip with a Saddle an Horſe for the Dray.'

Next *W--br--n* attempted, but cou'd not apply,
As if he conceiv'd the Promotion too high;
Of Succeſs very diffident, fain had withdrawn,
Till his Lordſhip, t' encourage him, bid him go on,
Such Parts, ſuch Endowments, and Skill in the Laws,
As, my Lord, I'm poſſeſs'd of, ſcarce merit Applauſe:

But

But if this high Office ſhou'd fall to my Share,
My Defect in the Laws I'll ſupply by my Care.
' Sir, anſwer'd Lord Preſident, as to your Merit,
' 'Tis too-well eſtabliſh'd and known you ſhould fear it;
' But there's an Objection, I own, of the oddeſt,
' Which ſtands in your Way---you're really too modeſt.
' It requires an Aſſurance, and one who can puſh-on,
' As witneſs the Wight who was laſt in Poſſeſſion.

Then *W----ly*, fam'd Chief of the *Gazetteer* Legions,
Who writ with *The: Cibber* t' amuſe Country Gudgeons;
If Merit is meaſur'd, quo' th' Author, by Praſs,
Pray how was your Lordſhip prefer'd to the Place?
But ſince 'tis ſo uſeful, it ſerves my Deſign,
Lo! I've given an Inſtance the Prize muſt be mine.
' Your Claim in that Point, quo' my Lord, I muſt own;
' For ſure in Aſſurance you're firſt of the Gown.

' It wou'd be a *Miracle* ſhou'd you ſucceed,
' As even your good Client *W--lſt---n* might heed ;
But the Gown and the Band no more make the Lawyer,
As I've hinted before, than the Buskin the Player.

Very right, quo' *Tom B---tle*, no more than an Ape
Can make out a J--ge, for the Furr and the Cap.
Some very odd Tricks, very lately, were play'd,
I can't yet forget the laſt Chief that was made :
That with my *Ch--ll--r*'s Place, were, forſooth !
For me deem'd too much, tho' too little in Truth.
And as to the Prize in Contention, d'ye ſee,
The Reſigner has made it unworthy of me ;
'Tis the Poſt that wants Me, not I want the Poſt,
By your under-hand Dealings *T-r B---tle* you've loſt :
Beſides, who e'er has it muſt act by Directions,
Like *L--hm--e* I ſcorn to be curb'd in my Actions.

Here

Here happen'd a Pauſe, then a Murmur enſu'd,
His Lordſhip look'd veil'd like the Sun in a Cloud,
When Silence was broke by good Co-nc-llor *Ll---d*,
K--g's C------l I am, and of Merit not void,
I ſtand, as it were, next Oar in my Title,
Beſides my Pretenſions by Blood's not a little:
From the brave antient *Britons* my Lineage is ſprung,
The Roll of my Pedegree's fifty Yards long!
The firſt of my Anceſtors held this ſame Place,
In the Reign of King *Lucius*, the firſt King of *Grace*.
'Not Merit of Anceſtry here will ſuffice,
'Quo' my Lord, nor the Length of your Roll or Device;
'Tho' oft in the Papers Preferment you get,
'His Majeſty hardly has heard of you yet'.

His Claim, as firſt Oars, *B---n* flatly deny'd,
And ſaid, when he'd clear'd up the Caſe on that Side,

Tho'

Tho' perhaps as to Law he may carry the Bell,
In Equity I, my Lord, ſurely excel.
'Tis known we've had ONE in this Office before,
Who ne'er read a Book of the C-mm-n Law o'er;
And tho' at the Head of a C--rt none look'd bigger
As *Inqu'ſiter* only, he made a queer Figure:
Nay, an old Law Record in Court-hand cou'd not read,
(Peace and Reſt to his Soul, for now he is dead)
And therefore he'd often been put to a Stand,
Had *F--z--k-r--y* drudg'd not, and lent him an Hand.
There's a Preſident now!---Quo my Lord, 'Mr. *B----n*,
'Speak well of the Dead, is a Proverb well known.
'One Swallow a Summer, 'tis ſaid, never makes,
'So one ſingle Caſe, howe'er pat, ſeldom takes.
'Think well how you ſtand, you're a Fav'rite with All
'The Practicers here, both the Great and the Small:
'You did them much Service, you ſtood in the Gap,
'They only by you Tranſportation eſcape;

'Whilſt all the Law-Members had dropt them but you,
'They 've been grateful, and brought you to Practice, 'tis true,
'And ſtill will do more: remain where you are,
'Your Gains will be greater, and leſſer your Care.'

In the Front of the Crowd then appear'd Mr. *G--nd---y*,
To this Office, quo he, my Pretences are ſundry,
Imprimis my Merit, e'en great as t' attract
His M--j---y's Notice, ſo nice and exact
As lately to call me th' Inſide of the Bar,
From among the Rear Guard, poor Souls! how they ſtare?
Which is plain that he meant me ſome further Preferment,
More worthy my Learning, my Parts and Diſcernment.
More Claims I might urge, but this I inſiſt-on
Is ſufficient to merit the Office in Queſtion.
Then the Preſident thus, 'You're too full of Surmizes,
'The Man who is ſtiff, like an Oak, ſeldom riſes,

'As

‘ As witneſs *T--m B---tle* ; but he who can bend,
‘ Like a Reed, or *T--m P-----r*, ne'er wants a good Friend.
‘ To riſe you muſt fall, 'tis the Way thro' the Doors
‘ Now a-days of Preferment, to creep on all Fours.

Up *A--l K--t-l-y* ſtarts with an *horrible Stare!*
Behold, my good Lord, your old Friend at the Bar,
Or rather old Foe, for Foes we have been,
As Treaſon fell out and poor Traitors fell in.
Strong Oppoſites e'er! and not once of a Side,
Attornies will always great Counſel divide.
You *for* Proſecutions, I always *againſt*,
How oft with a Joke 'gainſt your Law have I fenc'd?
How oft in your Pleadings I've pick'd out a Hole,
Through which from your Pounces my *Culprit* I've ſtole?
I've puzzled againſt you now Eight Years or Nine,
You, my Lord, for your K--g, I *A---l* for mine.

But what is all this? now your Lordſhip will ſay,
To get at the Office this is not the Way.
I own it is not, ſo I make no Requeſt
For myſelf, ſtill firm to my Party and Teſt:
But if 'tis your Pleaſure to give it my Son,
He ſhall take off his Coif t' accept of the Boon,
That Coif I, refuſing, transfer'd upon him,
For who'd be a *S--rg--nt* where *P----r* was Prime?
That my Son is a L-wy-r no one can 'gain ſay,
As witneſs his getting off *W--te* t' other Day.
Quo my Lord, 'My Friend *Ab--l*, I needs muſt allow,
'You have puzzled me oft, as indeed you do now:
'Nay, have puzzl'd yourſelf, the Court and the Law,
'And chuckl'd moſt wittily over a Flaw:
'For your *Noſtrums*, *Enigma's*, *Conundrums* and *Puns*
'Are above Comprehenſion, ſave that of your Son's.
'To fling off the Coif!--oh fye! my Friend *Ab--l*,
'Twould be acting the Part of the Cock in the Fable!

'Tis

'Tis a Badge of Diſtinction! and ſome People buy it ;
Can you doubt on't when *Sk--r* and *H--y--d* enjoy it?
Tho' I own you have ſpoil'd (but I will not enlarge on't)
A good Chancery Draughtſman to make a bad S-rj——t.

When ſtrait a weak Voice was heard, crying out,
Like ſome poor old Woman's pent up in a Butt.
All took it for granted 'twas Ch—— J--ſt--ce *W*——,
Or ſhou'd it be, but my good Maſter *M*——*lls*?
Here I have been waiting, quo he, near an Hour,
To put my Demand in, but cou'd not before:
Too modeſt, my Lord, in the Croud I've been loſt,
(But I hope not, like *W--lbr--m*, to miſs of the Poſt)
You know my Ability and my Pretence;
I've been great among all the great Counſel of Senſe,
I've anſwer'd for each when they chanc'd to be gone
To p--ſs or drink Tea, as the Motion came on.

My

My Snuff-box has e'er been in common, you know,
For your Lordſhip has frequently dipt in't e're now.
' Very right, old Acquaintance, and C--nſellor learn'd,
' Their Notice, like *Stump*, you have uſefully earn'd;
' He opes their Coach Doors, juſt as you do your Box,
' Like you he accoſts them, and like you he talks.
' I have heard your Friend *M-ad* ſay it often, and true,
' So impertinent none, nor ſo uſeful, as you;
' Not your Modeſty makes you of th' Office fall ſhort
' But that you are really too impudent for't.

Then a Buſtle enſu'd, with a Call of my Lord,
In the Midſt of the Crowd, pray hear *R-b-n O---d*;
The Cryer cry'd, Room for the 'Squire of the *North*,
The Crowd made an Opening, and, lo! he comes forth,
With a wide-ſpreading, flat, orbicular Phiz,
As large as the Moon in its Fullneſs of Size!

And a Head of a wond'rous Protub'rance behind,
By that Planet affected and th' Eaſterly Wind.
My--my-- Pretenſions, my--my Right to this Poſt,
Is--*(where the De'el is my Speech?)*--- by Gad it is loſt.
But——*(ſearching his Pockets)*——you know well my Right
Son and Heir t'an Attorney, Son-in-Law to a Knight,
'Tis hard, if, betwixt them, I ſhou'd not be fit.
'Not ſo hard, quo the Preſident, neither, 'tis plain
'On the Block that is knotty the Chizel's in vain,
'And is't not by daily Experience found,
'Twixt a Couple of Stools *ſomething* falls to the Ground;
'From your old Brace of Fathers no Merit you draw,
'Tho' one was a kind of a Sage in the L-w;
'But to mention the other, indeed! you ought not,
'His *fun'ral Proceſſion* will ne'er be forgot'.

Next *C--pb-l*, approaching, put in for the Spoil;
From the Highlands deſcended, and th' Houſe of *A---ll*,

To

To Parliament ſent, in Purſuance of th' Union,
To maintain 'gainſt Sir *R--rt* the People's Opinion.
My Poſt being vacant, I put in at once-for't,
Tho' I'm really aſham'd to be under Dame *P--f--t* ;
As under the *Pr--ce* I now hold the ſame Thing,
As, what I'm contending for, under the K--g,
I think I'm intitled ; my Right then pronounce,
When to *C-pb-ll* you give it——you give it no D.nce.
To be skill'd in the *Roman* and old *Scottiſh* Laws,
And of late in the *Engliſh* add Weight to my Cauſe.
' Notwithſtanding you look ſo wond'rouſly big,
' The Length of your Viſage and eke of your Wig !
' I muſt own, quo Lord Preſident, to you ſincerely,
' The Preferment you have is rather too early :
' And therefore until your Pretenſions are ſtronger,
' You muſt drudge, with your Partner, ſtill on ſomewhat longer :
' For Spite of your Knowledge, your Country and Clan,
' And your Seat in the Ch--pp-l, you are not the Man.'

Then

Then *Cl——ke*, who ſat ſnug all this while in his Place,
Roſe up and put forward his Ebony Face.
I have Reaſon, quo he, now to take it amiſs,
That your Lordſhip ha'n't call'd to me long before this.
If the old Civil Law, on which I would build,
Is in ſo much Neglect and Indifference held,
Let your C-mm-n Law Dunces go on and apply,
Quoting Chapter and Sect, inſipidly dry!
A Student of moderate Parts and Diſcerning,
With intenſe Application, may maſter ſuch Learning:
But I, as a Genius, the Office demand,
That Office my Qualifications command!
'Who contemns C-mm-n Law, quo my Lord, there are few,
'But ſuch who are ignorant of it, like you;
'Very little's the Uſe of your Law of the *Romans*,
'Save Abroad, or in *Scotland*, or our *Doctors C-mm-ns*;
'By whatever Perſon this Office is fill'd,
'In C-mm-n Law Learning he muſt be well skill'd.'

Said *H-m-l--n* nettled, Be't ſo then, my Lord;
But with me you muſt ſurely in one Thing accord:
The Man who preſides in fair Equity's Seat,
Unread in Law Civil, can ne'er be compleat:
One only excepted, for all muſt concede,
He was born to preſide, ſo 'twas needleſs to read.
However, I ſtand for the Poſt, I muſt own,
And inſiſt on the Preſident quoted by *B——n*.

'How now! quo my Lord, may a Bagpipe ne'er charm me,
'If our Courts ben't as full of the *Scots* as the Army.
'Erſt while here they've liv'd contented with Penſions,
'But now to Preferments they make their Pretenſions.
'This Set, by whoſe Votes poor Sir *R——t* down tumbl'd,
'Perhaps may find Means to have Me likewiſe humbl'd.
'Full of Virtue, forſooth! they refuſe to be bought,
'Tho' erſt, they have ſold e'en their King for a Groat.

'Fill'd

' Fill'd now with the Zeal of their Chief, who but they,
' Come to reſcue the Sovereign whom we wou'd bet---y?
' As if Virtue was fled beyond *Berwick on Tweed*,
' I'll never encourage this *North Britiſh* Breed,
' Nor allow they ſhou'd here any Int'reſt purſue;
' So, as yet, we have, *H-m-lt-n*, nothing for you.

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And as to the reſt of you, Gentlemen, here,
You have nothing to hope for, or nothing to fear.
As I ſee your Pretenſions can hardly run higher,
Than a Motion-of-Courſeman, or that of a Cryer.

When lo! a loud Noiſe!---Stand clear there---make Room
For my L--d firſt C-mm-ſſ----r----Hoa, there! is come.
The Preſident, ſtaring, look'd devliſhly ſick,
As tho' the new M---ſt--y play'd him a Trick,

And had put in C-mm-ſſ----n *Great B--t--n*'s Gr--t S--l:
(Which, if they had done, they had done very well)
But ſeeing 'twas one, tho' not eaſily wrought on,
In Bulk and in Strength, more a Rival for *Broughton*
(Yet with good uſeful Talents ſufficiently ſtor'd,
Tho' not proper, perhaps, for an *Adm----ty* Board;
But Talents in Courts are ne'er miſapply'd)
His Spirits recover, and Terrors ſubſide.
With digniſy'd Port he advanc'd thro' the Hurry,
Before wav'd his Enſigns, behind him tripp'd *M--y*:
So march'd thro' old *Sherwood* in *Nottinghamſhire*,
Robin Hood in the Front, *Little John* in the Rear.
The Preſident met him, and crouch'd like a Spaniel,
'Pray what is your Pleaſure, quo' he, my Lord *D——l*?
'Be pleas'd to command,'—— *I come to encourage*
Yon brave bonny SCOT, *my Kinſman by Marriage*;
For th' Inquiſitor's *Poſt he's ſet up by the Court,*
And is ready to ſhew he is qualify'd for't.

'Then

'Then you'd have it be ſo'——*Yes, truly, I'd fain.*
'T' oppoſe what you're bent on, I'm ſure is in vain.'

Then *M---y* prepar'd with a fine Panegyrick
In Praiſe of himſelf, would have ſpoke it like *Garrick*;
But the Preſident ſtopping him, ſaid, 'As in Truth,
'Your Worth and your Praiſe is in ev'ry one's Mouth;
'Tis needleſs to urge what's notoriouſly known,
'The Office, by Merit, is your's all muſt own.
'The Voice of the Publick approves of the Thing,
Concurring with that of the Court and the K--g.'

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M:

Page 19. Line 5. dele *A--l.*